The Artist and Society *William H. Gass*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 27, 1968, 40 cents

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Calling All Delegates

Four weeks remain, four weeks during which delegates to the Democratic national convention can think earnestly about the leaders and policies to best serve the party and the country, four weeks also in which citizens who are not delegates can tell their precinct captains, their county and state chairmen, their local candidates and emissaries to Chicago what they want, and why. By an early July Associated Press count, Hubert Humphrey had 711 pledged delegate votes, McCarthy 415, and various favorite sons 563. Thus, the question of who the nominee will be is open. Once preliminary fights over credentials have been settled, the convention too promises to be as open as most have been. One may assume an openmindedness on the part of at least a substantial number of the 753 still uncommitted delegates. Theirs is the power and the opportunity to make the Democratic Party once again the party of the future. It is a critical choice, for the smell of 1860 is in the air. As in the pre-Civil War period, the American political system may not be able to withstand strains put upon it. One can foresee the (Continued on page 3)

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T.R.B. from Washington

They're At It Again

★ We see a communist plot in the election and we are going to expose it now. It's directed against our man Nixon and it's being engineered by Moscow and Hubert Humphrey. Don't tell us they aren't in cahoots, we weren't born yesterday.

Of course Moscow opposes Nixon. The commies can't pull wool over *his* eyes. He's built a political career fighting them. That's how he beat Helen Douglas. That was the essence of his "rocking, socking" campaign of 1952 when he revealed that "communists infiltrated the very highest councils of this [Truman] Administration." That's how he campaigned in 1954 against "Korea, controls, communism and corruption." No bunch of Reds are going to fool our Dick.

He's a tough man, too – no molly-coddle on Vietnam. He visited Saigon two summers ago and said the way to shorten the war was to increase the number of troops by 25 percent, to a total of 500,000. It was so ridiculously simple: why hadn't somebody thought of it before? Only last March he put the whole thing into perspective when he referred to the "fundamental fact of a continuing confrontation between communist ambition and western resistance." He was quoted last month in *Good Housekeeping* as saying, "There is no alternative to the war's going on. . . . We have to stop it with victory, or it will start all over again in a few years." He knows how to end the war, too, only he's not telling it yet because the negotiations are underway in Paris. If they fail and he is elected he'll finish it off in no time.

So what does Moscow do, faced with the prospect that a real 100 percent *American* may sit in the White House? Anyone really informed who reads John Birch literature or listens to H. L. Hunt's *Life Line*, or votes for Max Rafferty, or is in there pitching with the National Rifle Association to prevent their taking our guns away to resist foreign invasion – *we* know what they would do.

After three years of stalling Moscow suddenly signs the nuclear nonproliferation treaty; it blows cold on Egyptian President Nasser; it opens up Moscow-New York flights; it suddenly hints that it is ready to sit down and discuss curbing the number of nuclear missiles. All to help Hubert. If that isn't clear interference in American politics we never saw it.

And of course enthusiast Hubert Humphrey, whose "naïveté and unworldliness" Walter Lippmann just wrote about (in another connection) plays up to the game. Or is he so gullible he's just fallen into the trap? Twenty years ago Humphrey supported communist containment. But in a statement last week he threw the ball right back into Moscow's mitt; yes, he advocated changing US foreign policy from confrontation and containment to "reconciliation and peaceful engagement."

You can imagine what Phyllis Schlafly will say to that, or Edith Kermit Roosevelt or Strom Thurmond and the Liberty Lobby and all the dear Young Americans for Freedom. Fortunately it is they and their high level type of supporters who have influence with the delegates at the Republican National Convention which meets August 5 in Miami Beach. They would rather go down to defeat with a man like Nixon (or Goldwater) than win with a socialist like Rockefeller.

Fast, from the Hip

★ Nixon's a man of quick reactions who responds promptly because he knows his own mind. When the US troop-carrying plane was forced by Russian MIGs to land in the Kurile Islands, our Richard didn't hesitate a moment. "This latest seizure of American servicemen," he stormed, "cannot be allowed to turn into a flying *Pueblo* incident."

What did the Administration do? It *apologized*. Yes, hauled down the flag to the communists; they settled the matter in a few hours. Richard Nixon was raised in a different school. Don't forget he was vice president for eight years under General Eisenhower: when Gary Powers flew over Russia with the American U-2 spy plane did General Eisenhower apologize? You bet he didn't. Naturally that ended his proposed trip to Russia and blocked the liberals who were trying to thaw US-Soviet relations.

Nixon's stalwart Americanism is expressed in other matters. On July 7, at Miami, he called for a tougher line on Cuba and more pressure on "our European friends and our Canadian friends" to stop sending goods to Russia.

Nixon is going to bring the nation's finances back to sanity; he says he would rather lose the election than pretend that welfarism comes before a sound dollar. He says that proposals to spend billions to rebuild America's cities are "dishonest and a cruel delusion." He favored a cut in federal spending by Congress of $8 billion, not $6 billion.

Nixon is a straight-shooter; he called the disorders at Columbia "the first major skirmish in a revolutionary struggle to seize the universities of this country." He said in Oregon that the solution for the ghetto is "private enterprise," and he denounced the freedom budget of the Poor People's March on Washington as a "blueprint for continuing dependency" designed to create "perpetual wards of a custodial state."

That's the man we need as President. No wonder the communists are afraid of him. He traced crime in America right up to one of its fountainheads, the Supreme Court and the "barbed wire of legalisms" that it has erected to protect the suspect. The spectacle, he said, "has not been lost on the criminal community." And don't think the new Nixon has lost his punch. He has his five-year speech all ready: "Five years they have run the government," he says, "five years in which social order has almost collapsed. . ." and so on. That's the kind of man against whom Moscow is plotting.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 159 Number 4 Issue 2799 July 27, 1968*
Published weekly (except the last week in December) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1968 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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Advertising Department – Holly Reppert

New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Office of Literary Editor – 17 Charlton St., New York, N.Y. 10014

Calling All Delegates

The possibility that our major parties may again be incapable of containing violent pressures from below, that the government elected in November may be impotent and our internal conflicts irreconcilable. It has happened before. Responsible citizens in 1968 cannot whistle a happy tune and pretend that once the conventions have picked their candidates and the election has been held, the air will be cleared and we can all breathe easily. Too many consciences have been seared by the agony of Vietnam for that; too many blacks, too many poor, too many of the young have lost faith in the readiness of the establishment to render justice. Who can fail to sense the doom impending if the new Administration lacks *their* confidence?

Some men can. They are determined to prove it by nominating Hubert Humphrey. Like their pre-Civil War predecessors in a time of comparable tensions, they believe that adroit manipulation will keep the lid from blowing off. To make Humphrey President, they are gambling on an anti-democratic strategy; anti-democratic, because it subverts the electoral system, defies the popular will, and violates canons of political responsibility. If they succeed in the short run, the nation will suffer in the longer run.

The editors of this journal are among those who have applauded Hubert Humphrey's energetic and good-humored championship of the underdog for over two decades. We do not gladly turn against him now. If the clock could be turned back, we would turn it back. It can't be done. The Vice President is trapped in a desperate situation for which he is only partly responsible. But he is trapped. He could break out of it, but only by following Lyndon Johnson, removing himself from the race and turning his party free. He would do credit to himself were he to do so. And in so doing, he would reject the strategy of men too reckless or too insensitive to recognize the political crisis they are precipitating.

Since 1965, when Mr. Humphrey became Vice President, he has proudly affirmed his leading role in the "Johnson-Humphrey Administration" (his phrase). It is a matter of fact, not opinion, that he is, as the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* noted, "equally responsible with President Johnson for having gone to the American people in 1964 on a peace platform and then, immediately after the election, plunging them into a war which was being planned at the very moment the promises of peace were being made." It is this record, the *Post-Dispatch* said, "which has led to such a degree of public revulsion against the Administration that the President dares not run for reelection, and can no longer even communicate with the

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people. It is this record which cannot be expunged by an embarrassed Vice Presidential silence." That same point was put in a different way last week by Walter Lippmann: "The suddenness and the explosive enthusiasm of Humphrey's propaganda was breathtaking, equaled only by its naïveté and unworldliness. He exclaimed, for example, that there was 'a tremendous opening here for realizing the dream of the Great Society in the great area of Asia, not just here at home.' . . . A man who can believe that he can construct the Great Society in Asia, assuming blithely that it is just about to be constructed at home, is something to worry about if he ever reaches the White House."

In midsummer, 1968, the credit rating of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration was near bottom – as low as that of the pro-slavery Buchanan Administration which, by midsummer 1860, had fatally inflamed social and moral conflicts and fragmented political parties. The fires burning in the hamlets of Vietnam and in the ghettos of our cities illuminate a face of America we would rather not see. The Vice President's complicity is inescapable; that is his tragedy. But it would be more tragic if the Democratic convention made believe that things aren't so bad after all, if the delegates refused to pass judgment on what has been done, and left undone. The way has been prepared; the convention has been signaled; it does not deliberate in ignorance of the issues or of the mood of the people.

From March 12 to June 18, from New Hampshire to California and back again to New York, in the manner provided by law and custom for the popular will to express itself, Senator McCarthy and the late Robert Kennedy directly challenged their party's leadership. No sophistry can befog the results. In an avalanche of primary defeats, unprecedented in the experience of an incumbent Administration, the Johnson-Humphrey forces were overwhelmingly repudiated by millions of adults who actively fulfilled their civic responsibilities and who, therefore, can rightfully demand respect. Most notably, the Administration has been repudiated by hundreds of thousands of our brightest, most idealistic, most responsible young people. They are not to be dealt with cynically. They have revived hopes, and not just within the United States, that unlike 1860-61, the American political system today has the vitality to make itself over, and in so doing to restore the people's confidence in themselves and in the democratic process.

BONUS

This special, adless issue of *The New Republic* (we had planned to skip publishing every other week in July and August) appears because the editors are unable between now and the conventions to be silent – even for a week. We invite comment, if only a word of approval or disapproval, on the theme of this week's lead note – "Calling All Delegates."

The volunteers, many of them participating in politics for the first time, have done their duty. It remains for the Vice President to properly value their work, to accept their judgment as he has honestly accepted responsibility for the present Administration. He should not balk at the penalty our political system imposes upon governors from whom the governed have withdrawn consent. The Administration, all of it, has lost any claim to the public's allegiance, and it would be a high demonstration of patriotism, as well as realism, were the Vice President to acknowledge that, and act accordingly. He would not then lend himself to a strategy of political blackmail calculated to win from delegates in Chicago what he and Lyndon Johnson could not win these past months at the polls.

Blackmail is a harsh word; it is used deliberately. Who constitutes the coalition working for Mr. Humphrey's nomination? Does anyone doubt that Lyndon Johnson is the boss wrangler? On March 31, the President accepted personal defeat as the price for salvaging his policies. Then and there, the Vice President became the instrument by which history was to absolve and vindicate Mr. Johnson. By taking himself out, Mr. Johnson gained a certain immunity from censure. His policies, however, have not been withdrawn from the election, and the Vice President has not been an uninterested party to those policies. Nor does it escape public notice that Mr. Johnson continues to exercise the power of the Presidency to assure a continuity congenial to his Administration.

Aside from Lyndon Johnson, among the groups bent on whipping through the nomination of Hubert Humphrey, the Southern Bourbons lead the pack. His nomination depends upon a solid bloc of Southern and border delegations, some of which are chosen in direct violation of the equal rights of Negro citizens. Southern racists form the bedrock support, which seems unbecoming, since Mr. Humphrey once fought bravely to strip these same people of their traditional power to dominate the Democratic Party. But the paradox is no paradox. For the 1948 model Hubert Humphrey is not the 1968 model. He has, God help the English language, "matured," and Southern racists know how "maturity" is defined. It is a happy stroll arm in arm with Lester Maddox of Georgia and public praise of him as "a good Democrat."

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After Lyndon Johnson and the Southern Bourbons come relics left over from the Tweed Ring and the Gilded Age, the local errand boys of the party. Simultaneously contemptuous and frightened of "amateurs," only mildly aware of the requisites of a workable political system, barely capable of rising above a ward-heeler mentality, they raid state conventions and committee meetings to deliver blocs of sheepish delegates to the Chicago stockyards. Their weakness, and they sense it, is their inability to deliver large blocs of voters during the primaries in such states as Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New York. If, in Chicago, they cannot bottle up the democratic impulse uncorked by Senators McCarthy and Kennedy, they fear they will be knocked off their perch, small as it may be. And they are right. That is why they panic. That is why they commit delegate robbery in broad daylight in New York, Connecticut, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Alabama, Washington, and elsewhere.

Ranking below the "pols," not in ardor for the Humphrey cause but in the number of delegates they hope to deliver, come the ossified trade union executives – men like George Meany, who have transformed the labor movement from an inspiring force for social justice into a baronial club. Mr. Humphrey is "their boy." When they call, he will come to their conventions. He will hail them as "great statesmen of labor." Meanwhile, a huge underclass is kept down, in part because of the racist policies, the self-protecting insularity of the labor bureaucrats.

To slap together the majority they need, the managers of Mr. Humphrey have had to raise millions of dollars, and those dollars have been collected by an assortment of investment bankers, government contractors, franchise operators, entrepreneurs and rich men, and would-be entrepreneurs and rich men. Sidney Weinberg, "Mr. Wall Street himself," publicly announced that he would do the job. He did, at a "millionaire's lunch" at Le Pavillon in New York. These men too now, at long last, appreciate Mr. Humphrey's "maturity."

The list could be extended. The central question, however, is not who makes up the coalition around the Vice President. It is: Given the political revolution manifest in the spring of 1968, how do they hope to get away with it? How do they expect to ram through the nomination of Humphrey in the summer and not wreck the Democratic Party in the fall? How do they hope to do it without imperiling Democratic congressional candidates, whose election is essential if we are to have a modern, responsive government during the next two years? The answer of the Humphrey managers to all such questions is: Richard Nixon. That is how they hope to get away with it. That is why their strategy is justifiably characterized as "political blackmail." They calculate that, confronted by the alternative of Nixon, only a handful of Democrats and Independents will fail to fall in line. They're sure that by the time November rolls around and the threat of Nixon (or Wallace) looms more menacing, few in the ghettos or the universities, few of the thousands who campaigned for McCarthy or Kennedy, will dare denounce the Humphrey nomination as a subversion of democracy. Kick and scream at first, privately curse later, they will. But choose the *greater* evil, let Nixon win, no, not American liberals.

That is the strategy. Do what has to be done in the stockyards of Chicago. And act tough, like real political pros know how – and soft-headed liberals or just plain fed-up voters do not. That is how Lyndon Johnson and company will be raised from the living dead. That is how they believe they can renew their lease on the White House.

But suppose Mr. Humphrey is nominated but does not win? What have his backers then gained by nominating him? Their answer is: a far better chance to retain their hold on what is left of the Democratic Party.

The rest of us, however, are free to be indifferent to such interests. We are thus free in the coming weeks to address a quite different message to the convention delegates: the nomination of Mr. Humphrey is a prelude to defeat; even should he win, his Administration will not have moral authority or political force required to turn the American government around, as it must be turned around to secure internal and external peace. By the very act of "winning," Mr. Humphrey would gravely increase the likelihood of unpredictable and uncontrollable shocks which could shatter our system beyond repair. At a minimum level, if the torrent of civil energy and idealism that flooded the country this spring is dammed up, if the political system responds to this crisis by permitting the people to "choose" only between endorsing the Johnson-Humphrey Administration or Richard Nixon, legions will turn away in disgust. They will drop out. Or they will turn to the politics of violent confrontation. Given the nominations of Humphrey, Nixon and Wallace (bearing in mind last summer's riots here and this summer's near revolution in France), no one can rule out the possibility of insurrection in the universities and the ghettos. And contrary to the visions of romantics who look forward to such rebellions as dirty means to noble ends, the violence will provoke a right-wing reaction that could make de Gaulle's authoritarian regime appear the embodiment of Mill's essay on civil liberty. If Mr. Humphrey is nominated in August, it will be extremely difficult to effectively counter the

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arguments of those who contend in September that the politics of confrontation is the only way left to resist a system that has proved its corruption in Vietnam. Many of us will try to counter that argument. But we will fear for the Republic.

There is no consensus yet on what people who demand change will do if Mr. Humphrey is the candidate. Many will boycott the election. Others will vote for Nixon as a way of registering their disapproval of the present Administration. Still others will support a national third or fourth party. But they will not vote for Mr. Humphrey, feeling that if they did, they would become his accomplices. And as his accomplices, they would forfeit any power they might have to counter the arguments of those who advocate violence as the only practical strategy for redeeming society.

We do not expect Humphrey to do it, but it must nonetheless be said again that he should bow out – and for one additional, more partisan reason which has been scarcely mentioned. There is a very large company of Independents and Republicans who also yearn to be rescued from a disagreeable choice between Nixon, Wallace, Humphrey, or abstention. Senator McCarthy has won the trust of many of them. They like his composure. They are impressed by the fact that he is a model for the young. They see in him a conciliator, never overstating his credentials nor his goals, but never understating the gravity of the country's peril. Their support in November could be decisive, not only in the presidential contest but in the campaigns of lesser Democratic candidates all down the line for whom a winner at the top of the ticket is essential.

What will the delegates do? That depends in part on what others do between now and August 26. Delegates can be spoken to, written to. They can be urged to be true to their best instincts and to the warnings of past history. Having done that, they can go to the country confidently, in the spirit of John F. Kennedy's inaugural address: "Now the trumpet summons us again – not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need – not as a call to battle – though embattled we are – but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, 'rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation' – a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself."

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Humphrey's Bid

The inherent weakness of Vice President Hubert Humphrey's bid for the Presidency is best illustrated by the fact that his strength among convention delegates parallels the use of selection procedures that either, in effect, disenfranchise the voters for a season or place obstacles in the way of the voters – obstacles that work to the benefit of the party "pros."

Perhaps the most obvious example is the 110 votes that members of the Democratic National Committee (two from each state or territory), elected four years prior to each convention, traditionally award themselves.

Current estimates give Vice President Humphrey as many as 100 of these national committee votes at the 1968 convention, enough to put him over in a close contest.

To compound the inequity of this, newly-elected members are not sworn in until after the convention, thus allowing committee members who have been defeated by the voters in the spring primaries or by state convention delegates elected by open caucuses to cast a last vote even though no longer in power.

The largest number of delegates chosen by these procedures fall into several categories of delegates named by party officials chosen at least one year before any presidential campaign has warmed up and before the issues are drawn.

For instance, state central committees named in 1964 or 1966 chose delegates who will cast 156 votes (the votes of the national committeemen and women are not included in this or the subsequent categories) from Arizona, Rhode Island, Maryland, Arkansas and Pennsylvania (the 52 at-large delegates casting 47 votes). Of these, current estimates give Humphrey 125 to 135 of the 156, with only a scattering of the remainder for Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy, unless there are major breaks in the Rhode Island and Arkansas delegations.

The Maryland state committee then proceeded to accentuate this inequity by binding that state's 49-vote delegation under a unit rule, thus denying a voice to even the small minority of the delegates not favorable to Vice President Humphrey.

In addition, the state committee names the Louisiana delegation although, in point of fact, the governor normally controls the selection process. In Georgia, the state chairman picks the slate with the "advice and consent" of the governor, this year Governor Lester Maddox.

Thus, 75 more delegates are added, all of them regarded as potential Humphrey delegates on most scorecards.

The first three categories give us 341 delegates, over

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300 of them expected to support the bid of Vice President Humphrey either on the first or a subsequent ballot at the Democratic National Convention.

Another category of selection by the party structure involves roughly 250 votes from Michigan, Delaware, Wyoming, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Kansas and Idaho. In each case, the base is slightly different, ranging from delegates chosen at precinct conventions in Michigan in 1966 to special district committees composed of county chairmen and co-chairmen that name 30 district delegates in Oklahoma.

But, in each case, the voters had no access to the decision-making process in 1968.

Since Vice President Humphrey is expected to get as many as 200 of these delegates, we find his total from these procedures zooming to around 500, nearly half of the 1,000-plus delegates now listed for him on the score sheets.

North Dakota, where state convention delegates are chosen at meetings of the party's previously selected 39 legislative district committees, offers an excellent example of what can happen when the process is opened to the voters. At the urging of Sen. Quentin Burdick (D, N.D.), one of the 39 legislative districts (that of Fargo) held an open district caucus to select the delegates. The result: Over 80 percent of the delegates selected to the state convention from that district favored Senator McCarthy.

However, since the other 38 legislative district caucuses were restricted to party officials, the McCarthy boom in that state was nipped in the bud.

These are the most obvious ways of denying the voters a role in the decision-making process once the issues are clearly drawn and interest is high.

The delegates chosen in these ways represent close to one-fourth of those who will cast ballots at Chicago later this fall and, as we have seen, a major source of Humphrey support.

But there are other more subtle ways.

In some states, at least a portion of the delegates are elected in a spring primary but the laws of the particular states contain no provision for listing on the ballot for voter guidance the presidential preference of the candidates for delegate. Pennsylvania is an example. There, the bulk of the delegates are elected by congressional districts in the primary and, although Senator McCarthy received about 50 percent of Pennsylvania's preferential primary vote, he picked up only a small percentage (about 20) of the state's delegation because voters had no easy way of identifying the preference of the district delegates' candidates who, in turn, are not bound by the preferential primary.

Only in New York where a massive campaign was mounted for Senator McCarthy was that obstacle overcome.

Primary states pose another problem. In too many cases, the delegates are elected separately, either in the primary or by state convention, with little or no reference to the preference of the voters. Indiana is a sad example this year. Although Sen. Robert Kennedy won the primary, his death released the 63-member delegation from its first ballot obligation and it was chosen by a political organization that opposed both Senator Kennedy and Senator McCarthy vigorously and is now expected to throw its support to Vice President Humphrey.

Pennsylvania's district delegates and Indiana's delegation are expected to deliver as many as 100 more votes to Vice President Humphrey, for the most part in direct contradiction to the desires of the voters of that state.

Contrast this to states where there are either binding primaries or open caucuses starting at the precinct level.

In New Hampshire, California, Oregon, Wisconsin, Nebraska and the District of Columbia, the bulk of the delegates elected are either supporting Senator McCarthy or are part of the large bloc of "uncommitted" delegates who previously supported Senator Kennedy. All are primary states.

In states such as Colorado, New Mexico, Iowa, Washington and Connecticut, where voters have access either through precinct caucuses or by special town elections for state convention delegates, supporters of Senator McCarthy or Senator Kennedy had remarkable success, taking a substantial share of each of these delegations.

If the approximately 500 Humphrey delegates named by procedures that disenfranchise the voters were taken away from his count, it would be a close race at this time. Add the 100 from Indiana and Pennsylvania where primary laws are inadequate and he would be trailing.

PAUL R. WIECK

Czechmate?

The Czechs are paying the price of improved Soviet-American relations. For the Kremlin is still hawks' eyrie more than dovecote. Kosygin called the Soviet-American accord on non-proliferation of nuclear arms "a major success for the cause of peace," and there are to be talks about further arms control. This country and Russia have signed a new cultural and technical exchange agreement. Both nations are pledged to help each other's astronauts. An American troop-carrying plane forced down in Soviet territory was let go, though the Russians could have interned the soldiers until the end of the Vietnam war. The first

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commercial airliner service between New York and Moscow has begun.

But in the eyes of Kremlin hard-liners as well as of Peking, all this is shocking consorting with capitalism, so the Kremlin doves must demonstrate their orthodoxy. Therefore they are specially vigilant and rigorous about rooting out heresies, and Czechoslovakia seen from the orthodox communist angle is a seething pot of heresies. Since the end of June, Czech newspapers, radio and television have been quoting with approval a 2,000-word manifesto by the country's leading intellectuals, who condemned Czech communists as "calculating cowards" and "unprincipled egotists avid for power." By no means all leading communists were shoved from power in January's liberalizing drive, and to get rid of the rest the intellectuals' manifesto called "each district and each community" to "find ways and means to induce them to resign, for instance, through public criticism, resolutions, demonstrations . . . strikes and boycotts." If the Kremlin hopes to save what's left of the communist Old Guard, it must act before September 9, when the Czech Communist Party holds its central committee elections.

To sober up the giddy Czech reformers, *Pravda* and Brezhnev publicly recalled the bloody days of 1956 when Soviet tanks crushed a nationalist uprising in communist Hungary. The question to be settled between now and September is whether the Czech leader, Dubcek, will repeat the successful defiance of Russia staged by Tito of Yugoslavia in 1948, or will suffer the tragic fate of Imre Nagy of Hungary whom the Russians captured in 1956 and subsequently hanged. The crushing of Hungary was made easier for the Soviet Union by simultaneous war in the Middle East, and even that could happen again. But the Rumanian and Yugoslav communists are strong for the Czechs, as are the French, Italian and British communists. The new communist principle in Europe, that each country and party decides its own affairs without outside interference, is of course anathema to the Russians, whatever lip service they may pay. But if they breach it they risk losing all influence in Europe as well as hope of further improved relations with this country. The leading Yugoslav paper, *Politika*, bluntly accused the Russians of interfering in Czech internal affairs, by not removing Soviet troops when the Czechs indicated they wished them to depart. Czechoslovakia's General Prchlik imprudently went further, declaring that the Russian troops were in his country for maneuvers under the Warsaw Pact, and the Russian failure to pull them out on demand suggested the Warsaw Pact could do with some revision. The Rumanians obviously agree with that, as probably do the Hungarians, and the Poles. Nevertheless, the Polish newspaper *Trybuna Luda* was constrained to say last week that "no country can be permitted to break out of the common front. If in a socialist country the forces of reaction threaten the basis of socialism it is at the same time an assault on the interests of the other socialist countries." These sentiments should seem unhappily familiar to American ears, because they echo this Administration's justification of armed intervention in the Dominican Republic.

The chances are that the Russians will not attempt to use force, or anyway not overtly. But the situation seems bound to remain tense. What then is the best course for Washington to pursue? One of the great weaknesses of the Czechs' position is that the old-style communist leaders who have been partly ousted had landed the nation in a considerable economic mess. The Czechs have turned for trade if not for aid to the West Germans, as the Rumanians did before them, and this is another heavy black mark against them in the orthodox communist book. How much better it would be if the aid and trade the Czechs need came from here – accompanied by lower-tariff treatment for the other Eastern European countries, and for the Soviet Union as well. The US accords Poland and Yugoslavia favored-nation trade treatment, but the rest of Eastern Europe, including Czechoslovakia, gets the 1930 Smoot-Hawley high-tariff rebuff, as does Russia. Ending this discrimination, and offering Export-Import Bank credits, would assist the Czechs and at the same time ease Soviet American relations further. The hawks in the Kremlin would be put at a disadvantage compared to the doves. What prevents it is our own hawkish Congress, which has forbidden credits to Czechoslovakia and looks like locking up Senator Mondale's bill to promote trade.

Poverty in Kentucky

In 1963 the nation discovered poverty in the hills of Kentucky. The government subsequently launched poverty programs and works schemes for the unemployed. Now, eight years later because of the Congressional cutbacks, these men are being laid off their jobs.

The Work Experience and Training Program which at one point employed 8,000 men, is being cut out along with two other government job programs. In their place, the government is instituting a new scheme called the Concentrated Employment Program, designed to pull together the different federal projects so as to make a bigger impact. It's a gimmick: where the work training schemes were funded at $17 million a year, CEP will provide only $4.5 million. As a result, in four east Kentucky counties (Letcher, Knott, Leslie and Perry) some 2,000 men will be laid off.

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The Concentrated Employment Program will only take care of 500 of them. The employment situation is made worse by layoffs in the mines and by the highway department. While the poverty programs never did much to remedy the basic ills of the mountains (i.e. absentee landlordism and declining industry), they were a mercy for starving people.

Meanwhile, the government through HEW and the Appalachian Commission, has announced it will spend $9 million on a new medical program for the Kentucky mountains. Its headquarters will be in Lexington, and there is some question whether it will have any effect on the mountain people at all. The United Mine Workers ran an excellent chain of hospitals in the mountains, but as the union pulled out these were closed down. Teams of young doctors and nurses have struggled to get to people, but lately they have been driven out by red baiting. The new medical programs won't supply more hospitals, nor pay the wages of doctors and nurses. In fact, the present plan calls for closing down the one hospital that services people in Knott County and shutting off funds to a nursing service that has succeeded in reducing the infant death rate.

So things are worse than ever in the hills of Appalachia where the poverty war began.

Third Parties in a Two-Party System

On Independence Day the *Washington Post* warned editorially that a McCarthyite "fourth party" would probably "either elect Richard Nixon or it would throw the final choice to the House." The editorial ignored a number of historical truths, among them that the Democratic Party began as a coalition of dissident splinters glued together by Madison and Jefferson, and comes unglued at those critical moments when the public demands a relamination. The Democrats' finest hours have been those of internal party disruption wherein the popular voice has been heard with a responsiveness almost totally unknown to the Republicans. On occasion, however, the party has not listened, the issues have not been absorbed, and the result has been the appearance of one or more "third" parties.

The establishment is rightly unsettled at the prospect of what every third party must be, which is to say, boisterous and intemperate, oracular and inevitably much given to oratory. But third parties are not un-American, nor can it be said that any one of them has ever done permanent damage to the American body politic. For that matter, the most "destructive" of the third parties – the one which by its victory at the polls in 1860 precipitated a civil war – has had the audacity still to survive, for it should be recalled that the Republican Party began as a coalition of Northern Whigs and Northern Democrats who succeeded in putting the major-party Whigs out of business forever. At other times third parties have served as safety valves, warning devices, even vehicles for personal ambition, but always they have served best in making untouchable issues more palpable. And for that reason their platforms have been raided by the two major parties, plank by plank, just as soon as popular demand confers respectability on the issue at hand.

Since the Civil War each generation has had the opportunity to vote neither Republican nor Democratic, but third party, if it wishes. The opportunity has usually been fleeting because of the haste with which at least one of the two major parties has blotted up or blurred out the third party's principal issue. When the issue is urgent, however, the third party's opportunity may take on the character of a solemn obligation, especially when it appears that any further time lag between the popular wish and its political expression may make that issue a destructive force.

Only the rigorous compulsion to think along "straight" party lines can so far have obscured the likelihood that this year's most formidable third-party combination would be the juncture of McCarthy and Rockefeller forces. It would not be the first time that a pressing national issue – in our day, the Vietnam war – has torn the fabric out of two major parties to clothe a third. Consider, for example, that both McCarthy and Rockefeller (and John Lindsay, too) have now taken positions on Vietnam sufficiently similar to produce an affinity among their followers. Too, each candidate has identified himself with the "new politics" – a term which, though more descriptive of attitude than of substance, has real meaning for those who practice it. Moreover, each candidate, despite the polls which show great strength of personal following, stands to lose his party's nomination. Add to these items Senator McCarthy's carefully-hedged statement that he could foresee a circumstance in which he just might support the Republican Rockefeller, and the genesis of a third party becomes something more than a vagary.

Whether one is born will depend, of course, on what transpires at Miami and Chicago in August. If the McCarthy men find that they cannot reconcile themselves either to Humphrey as nominee or to the party's platform as adopted, the momentum toward a third party may be irresistible, the more so if by that time Nelson Rockefeller is also to be found among the convention "also-ran's."

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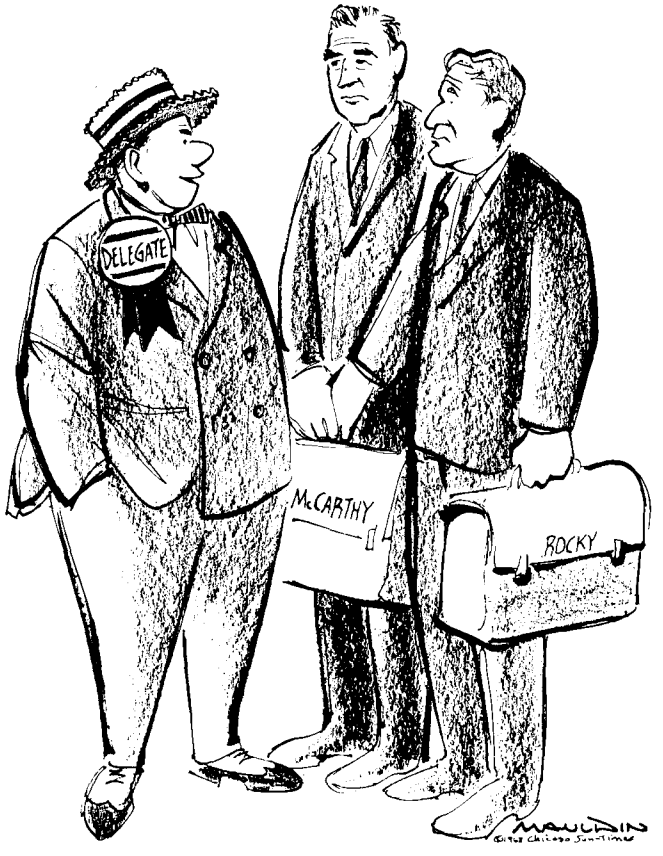
Third parties have no patience for the Miltonian maxim; they may be blind to certain realities, but they will not stand and wait. Born of caesarian section and nurtured by adversity, they serve to remind each generation that our government is democratic as well as republican.

In 1848, to pick a starting point at random, a Whig national convention refused to endorse the Wilmot Proviso, a measure intended to prevent the institution of slavery from getting a legal foothold in the territories recently acquired from Mexico. In anger a group of "Conscience Whigs" stalked out of that convention and joined forces with Van Buren Democrats to raise the banner of the Free Soil Party. The bolters may have helped to elect the "conservative" candidate, Zachary Taylor, but their long-range impact was even greater. The 13 Free Soil congressmen who were elected in 1848 so completely disrupted the House of Representatives that slavery could never again be ignored as a national issue. The Free Soilers awakened a whole generation of Northerners to the imperative of saving the West for free labor.

Even the Know-Nothings of the 1850's, though bloodily nativist, served to call attention to the cultural shock effect of unchecked immigration. Here, oddly enough, was a third party dedicated, at least in part, to issue-avoidance – the slavery question having become too sensitive to face up to. Nonetheless the Know-Nothings gave a much-needed visibility to the problems of immigration. And if we find them distasteful for their anti-foreignism, we might note that only most recently has the immigrant issue been dealt with reasonably.



"Yeah, but who's for you guys besides the people?"

To the Greenbackers we owe the happy notion that the value and volume of money ought to bear a meaningful relationship to the nation's economic activity. To the Liberal Republicans who bolted the GOP in 1872 we owe the early hope that the Republican Party can and will refresh itself from time to time with doses of reformist zeal. From the Populist Party of the 1890's come so many issues that nearly half a century of progressive legislation can be said to have been written by the light of the Omaha platform. Those "liberal" issues which have not been stolen from the Populists have, in many instances, been borrowed from the Socialists, as Norman Thomas was pleased to observe at the time of his retirement. From the Bull Moose Party (which was not quite the "Wall Street promotion" that Albert Beveridge feared it would be) comes the now well-settled tradition of giving the Republican Old Guard its every three-and-a-half-year fright as the spectre of a "liberal" presidential candidate presents himself on the hustings. In short, virtually all of our third parties have either staked out the important issues or rekindled those political sensibilities without which the major parties tend to gravitate toward each other in a meaningless me-tooism.

A McCarthy-Rockefeller combination would more likely draw the fire of those who see an unwholesome precedent in the Henry Wallace Progressives of 1948. Already these critics have detected in McCarthy's following the same foregathering of the Far Left, the same raucous cry for a "softer" foreign policy, even the same touch of neo-isolationism, and certainly the same sort of threat to the Democratic establishment. The differences, however, are plain to see. No one could seriously imagine McCarthy, Rockefeller or Lindsay becoming captives of communism. Nor do they express the sort of short-fuse exasperation that was felt during the early and untried months of a Truman containment policy. Today the disaffection is a well-matured force, fully rationalized and widely felt. Today Americans have reached the end of a policy; they call for a new one. If they reach for the vehicle of a third party, it will not be for the first time; and if history is any guide, they will not have reached entirely in vain.

PETER P. HILL

MR. HILL *is in the department of history at George Washington University.*

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The New Mexican-American

Another Defector from The Gringo World

Amidst the frustrations that accompanied the faulty organization and flabby leadership of the Poor Peoples' Campaign in Washington, one hope burned brightly, auguring a new day for a minority long silent in the American Southwest. The minority is the Mexican-American and the spokesmen for that awakening are Rodolfo "Corky" González and his band of Denver militants who had lodged themselves in the basement of the Hawthorne School in the nation's capital. González rejects not merely the commonly held belief that poverty is the inevitable lot of his people, but the standards by which Mexican-Americans formerly measured success. A former prizefighter with a national ranking, the father of eight children, and once a businessman, González heads the first organization of Mexican-Americans in Denver that strives to achieve through militant means the social and economic betterment of 75,000 people who have furnished much of the physical labor to develop Colorado but have shared almost none of the rewards of progress.

González and his group ask for more than just the opportunity to share in the American success story. All Mexican-American leaders demand better jobs and schooling for their followers. The uniqueness of González lies in his intellectual and cultural vision of the future for Mexican-Americans. Until this man and his band appeared in Denver, what nearly all Mexican-Americans wanted was the opportunity to join their Anglo neighbors – to assimilate and be assimilated; to learn English, to adopt "American" manners. Their leaders advocated cutting all ties with the culture of their immigrant parents – of Mexican stock and almost always of semi-literate or illiterate peasant background. They explicitly condemned any interest in the country of their parents or grandparents – Mexico.

González and the new leadership break abruptly with this opinion. To them, the hero and example is Emiliano Zapata, the Mexican agrarian leader whose deeds form much of the mythology of the Mexican Revolution of 1910. Benito Juárez is another. Both Juárez and Zapata were of Indian background. The new creed among Mexican-Americans upholds not just the need to feel pride in Mexico, but specifically in the *Indian* heritage. "The Spaniards," says González, "came to Mexico to exploit, not to build."

Many members of ethnic minorities have traveled similar paths. Yet the new Mexican-Americans, much like militant black nationalists, want to use their heritage in a very different manner. They seek to preserve it, and to develop and strengthen it within themselves, in order not only to build an identity and to gain a measure of self-respect, but also to protect their community from the dangers of assimilation. Militant Mexican-Americans fight to keep their communities intact. As one of them put it, "we don't want to live in the world of the gringo, where people live in identical homes, mow their lawns at the same time, and compete with each other from dawn to dusk." The "barrio" provides another life, more sedate, stronger spiritually. To destroy it in behalf of assimilation and success in the gringo manner would be idiotic.

The story of Ernesto Vigil, a 20-year-old native of Denver and the first Mexican-American to refuse induction into the armed forces, illustrates the new approach. Vigil, an associate editor of *El Gallo*, the newspaper of Denver Mexican-Americans, spent last year at Goddard College in Vermont. He dropped out because, as he explains, life away from his barrio alienated him from his people, and from everything that made his life meaningful. He cannot conceive of life in an Anglo-Saxon community. Thus, he gave up his scholarship and returned home. When Vigil argued his point he had the sympathetic understanding of every member of the contingent at the Hawthorne School. All of them take immense pride in Vigil's refusal to fight against "brown brothers in Vietnam."

Vigil's stand on Vietnam brings out another facet of the changing attitudes. In the past, Mexican-Americans served with distinction in World War II and the Korean War, while their spokesmen publicly expressed support of American foreign policy – even when in conflict with the best interests of Spanish-speaking Latin-Americans. No Mexican-Americans protested the invasion of Guatemala in 1954 by CIA-sponsored forces, or the Bay of Pigs fiasco. The Dominican tragedy passed virtually unnoticed by them.

González claims the cause of the Cuban Revolution as his; the slogan *venceremos* is as much his as Castro's, for the young leader looks with sympathy upon the Cuban's efforts to rebuild the island's society. With the cry, *Viva la Raza*, the new Mexican-Americans demand that public schools in the Southwest teach Mexican history and folklore and hire Mexican-American teachers to teach Mexican-Americans. In Denver, González and his supporters will frighten the white community accustomed to dealing with a docile people. But to the restless young generation of Mexican-Americans the Denver "revolutionaries" carry the light of hope.

RAMON EDUARDO RUIZ

MR. RUIZ *teaches history at Smith College.*

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What's To Be Decided?

Even the Republicans are now saying that 1968 is a year of decision. And it is. But that is not enough. What we have to ask first is: What is it that we are to decide about? What is it that is really at stake?

We Democrats are called upon to answer for things that happened under our Administration in the last four years; for some things that we said would happen which have not happened; for some things which might have taken place if we had had the right kind of policies and the persistence to carry through. This is not one of those easy years that many of us remember, in which all we had to do was talk about the Republicans and their failures, or contrast our achievements with what might have happened if we had not been in office. We are called upon to do the most difficult thing, I believe, for any party: to pass judgment upon its own record; and having done that (assuming that we are prepared to change our policy, to commit ourselves to changing the record), to ask the public for support for another four years.

Promises were made in 1964 of peace abroad and of progress at home. Similar promises are being made again, in almost the same language. Most of us at Atlantic City in 1964 accepted and said throughout the campaign that if our candidate was elected, what has been happening in Vietnam would not happen; and that if the other candidate was elected, what is happening would happen. So in a way we are answerable at least for what we said. Basically, I don't think we can explain what happened solely in terms of some historical movement or of forces which were beyond the control of our Administration in power.

The Under Secretary of the Treasury the other day made a highly significant speech in which he suggested if the present militaristic foreign policy of this country is pursued (a policy advocated by the State Department and sustained by our Defense Department), we cannot look to any significant reduction in military budgets or to any significant release of funds for other purposes even though the war in Vietnam should end. Then, two weeks ago, the Senate by a vote of something like 54 to 34 approved a new anti-ballistic missile system for this country. It is significant that some 34 members of the Senate were prepared to say that we should not begin it. But the approval is an indication of the almost unlimited potential for defense spending in this country – unless we bring about a change of attitude, a change of policy, and have reflected in the federal government what I think is the disposition of this country: not to be fully on the defensive at all times, not to live in trembling at the prospect that Dean Rusk has described for us of a billion Chinese who will be on the earth by the year 2000. I don't think we have to project our fears that far; the immediate present is enough to challenge us.

The failure of our policy in Vietnam, the continued deterioration of our cities, the inflation of our economy, the failure to make any kind of realistic changes in the draft law, the continuation of General Hershey in office – these are not things that are forced upon us. They are not accidents of history. What they reflect, I think, is the kind of optimism with which the war has been judged since at least 1963, when always the promise of victory was just ahead (two weeks or a month or six months); always things were improving. And then there would be setbacks. And ordinarily, the setback was described in terms of real progress which simply wasn't understood. Now we do understand. We understand that we are called upon to pass judgment on the policies of the last four years – both our foreign policy and our domestic policy. And the country has indicated it is willing to make that judgment.

When the Vice President was asked in a recent interview, "Whatever happened to the whole liberal program?" he said, "We passed it. Does that upset you?" It does upset me. Because if we have passed it, then we have to explain why it is not working. The condition of the American city today, despite the liberal program we have adopted, is getting worse and not better. The black people of our ghettos are more isolated, more crowded in their houses today than they were four years ago, or 10 or 20 years. Relatively speaking, in an affluent society such as this, they are worse off economically. Their children are not getting adequate education. They are threatened, as all of us are, by greater incidence of violence. The welfare system has treated new problems which are as serious today as the initial condition welfare was meant to resolve. We have in our midst a separate nation of welfare recipients, who for generations have been subject to the most bureaucratic kind of process, one which has demeaned their dignity and destroyed their incentive. We have not had in the last four years a significant reform of welfare programs, with or without the urging or the support of our Democratic Administration – to say nothing of any significant new plans to replace the old. Most of the countries of Western Europe have devised a variety of plans which take

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The above remarks are adapted from a talk given by Senator McCarthy on July 13 to the Colorado Democratic state convention.

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care of the poor, which assure income, which take care of the sick, without creating the kind of dependency which we force upon people in this country.

For the past 20 years, progressive legislators have fought to extend and to improve aid to education, particularly federal aid. Now we find that our large city school systems spend hundreds of millions of dollars, yet fail to provide a basic education for the children of the ghetto. We know these schools need more funds. But it is time to recognize that they need as well a different kind of education. City schools must serve their communities as well as the general public. They must involve parents in devising a curriculum appropriate to the needs of urban children, particularly of those who live in the ghetto areas.

What we have done with reference to housing in this nation is inexcusable. Compare it with what we have done for public highways. The Interstate Highway Program was funded at $4 or $5 billion a year – not for one year or two, but almost for infinity. Roads are built from one urban slum to another; even worse, built through them, leaving those who are displaced without any housing. In the last 30 years, we have built 639,000 public housing units, 80 percent of it in cities of under 25,000, which means that public housing has not even begun to scratch the surface of the needs in our great cities. The Kerner Report said we must build six million low-income houses in the next five years; the President's report of early this year said 2.5 million in five years, or half of what the Kerner Report recommended. The budget message asked for 300,000 for the year 1969, or roughly half of what the President asked for.

The Vice President is talking about a housing program which includes some rather vague incentives to encourage private industry to build houses in the ghettos. But private effort alone will not provide the housing most needed. In and out of the ghettos, it is a public problem, and we must be prepared to spend public money to see that it is solved.

We have tried to manage the poor by imposing programs from on top, rather than involving the poor in improving their own lot and giving them responsibility for their own programs. As long ago as 1965, we talked about "maximum feasible participation of the poor" in community action. It has not come about. The people of the inner city, the poor, have been trying rather bitterly and rather obviously to tell us something of their feelings. Everywhere we see manifestations of the people wanting to make themselves heard, whether it is a march of the poor to Washington, the riots in the cities, the action of agricultural workers; even stirrings within the Democratic Party. People have indicated they want to make judgments and have their judgments brought to bear upon the policies that affect them. EUGENE J. MCCARTHY

Life on the Block

A Reporter Polls His Neighbors

by Warren Unna

Washington, D.C.

Less than a 10-minute walk from the Capitol dome there is a pleasant, cared-for, elm-shaded block to which I recently returned after two years abroad. It has 21 attached and semi-detached houses, two fair-sized apartment buildings. And over a recent six-month period and by the residents' own accounts, 30 "incidents" ranging from tire punctures and slashings to sluggings and robberies. This is neither the best block on Capitol Hill, nor the worst. The "incidents" don't seem to relate particularly to the early April riots following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. And only one of them really has racial connotations, although all the assailants seen were Negro and all the victims white. Perhaps the common denominator is youthful hooliganism. All the assailants got away with it.

The police patrol regularly, through cruising squad cars and through patrolmen on foot accompanied by police dogs. Nevertheless, 30 incidents over a six-month period were reported in an informal survey and

MR. UNNA *is on the staff of* The Washington Post.

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I, at least, had not been aware of any incidents at all when I left the block in the Fall of 1965.

Living on the block are some Negroes in both apartment buildings and in some of the apartment units carved out of the larger houses. So partially, at least, the block is integrated. Almost all the residents work during the day. They include a congressman and an assistant to Mayor Walter Washington.

Construction is solid, almost all brick or stucco. The architecture varies from nondescript to Victorian with peaked roofs, affected window frames and an occasional front stoop or porch. Most of the front gardens show care but the city trees seem to be on their own. Broken bottles, beer cans, ice-cream wrappers and newspapers choke their dirt base.

Let's go for a walk and see what has happened to our neighbors while we have been away.

At No. 101, Miss Olga, a middle-aged lady, was walking home one April Saturday afternoon when near her steps a boy first asked her for a quarter and then threatened to snatch her purse. Miss Olga's neighbor now brings her home by car from her twice weekly downtown shopping trips. The neighbor is a Fulbright fellow here from England on a teaching tour. He has the lower apartment at 101. He, his wife and baby had a house guest in April. Happening to look out the window, they spotted two youths breaking into the house guest's car. They chased the youths away and prevented any looting. But a few weeks before that, the aerial was ripped off the Fulbright fellow's car with what appeared to be wanton caprice. "Now we just don't go out at night," he explained.

No. 105 has had more trouble than anybody. The owner, a member of a Senate committee staff, recently remodeled the old home into six apartment units and the building, with its fresh paint, brick front patio and elegant black iron railing from President Grant's old Washington home, is an eye catcher on the block.

One mid-April afternoon, the owner was just turning into his gate with an armful of groceries from the Safeway, one-and-a-half blocks away. It was still daylight. He was slugged first on one cheek by one youth, then on the other by a second. He started to hit back, found it was a losing contest and so hurdled over his fence, leaving his groceries to the assailants. They couldn't have been after them for they merely walked away, ignoring the bag and its strewn contents.

Two days after the Senate staffer was accosted, his maid left the front door open to the common vestibule. When he returned home that night he found human defecation on the vestibule carpet. Two nights after that, the canvas top on his convertible was slit, along with the tops of two other convertibles which were parked along the street that night. His rear garage door, which opens into an alley, had also been tampered with.

The Senate staffer's mother, while visiting him and on her way to the market, was followed by a youth who crept up close and tauntingly kept whispering as he followed her terrified scurrying: "Squeeze that purse, lady, because I'm going to get it, I'm going to get it, I'm going to get it."

The Senate staffer now has put a steel door on his garage exit and bought himself two guns: "I'm not sure I know how to use them but at least I now have them around."

The night of the grocery bag incident, one of his tenants, a woman in her twenties who works as a medical technician, was accosted from behind and fondled. She ran across the street to the corner grocery, but her assailant brazenly walked in after her and tried to resume. Finally, he was chased out of the grocery by two older youths, both white. The medical technician and her sister, who shared the apartment, have moved away.

Another woman tenant of No. 105, a youth organizer for the Republican Party, also has moved away. In March, while coming home with groceries, she was jumped from behind by a man in his early twenties who tried to ignite her dress between her legs with a cigarette lighter.

The pleasant house at No. 109 is owned by an elderly lady who sometimes puts artificial flowers among the real ones in her front yard, just to pretty things up. She has one boarder, a Library of Congress night watchman. Last December 29, the watchman was returning home from work when some men – he doesn't know how many – jumped from behind parked cars, pulled him down from his front steps and pummeled him. When the neighbors found the watchman half conscious on the pavement they took him to a hospital. He stayed there six days and had 22 stitches taken in his scalp. Now the watchman's Library colleagues escort him the few blocks home by car when he gets off duty.

Next door, No. 117, is a boardinghouse. One elderly resident who used to be in the fish peddling business, was walking home from the corner grocery just after Christmas, around 8 p.m., when he was hit from behind, his arms pinioned back and twisted and his ribs poked. Luckily, some neighbors were at their regular window vigil and came running out. The fish peddler has acquired a German shepherd.

In the same No. 117, another elderly resident, a clerk in a downtown barber supply house, occupies a basement room. He was robbed twice just before Christmas, both times dragged down from the front porch where he was sitting. The first time, they pulled him right to the pavement, kicked him in the ribs and ran away with ring, watch and wallet. The second

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time, the assailants were three Negro youths who ran away when two older and bigger Negro youths saw the attack and came to the white man's rescue.

The husband at No. 119 works for the Navy and the wife for the White House. Theirs was one of the three convertible tops slit in April. They also had a tire slit on another occasion. A visiting aunt, whose locked car was parked out front, had her car unlocked, looted and then locked up again. Some time ago, before the six-month period, the couple's rear gate and fence were set afire. Now the couple has a new car locked inside the rear garden, a new, thicker and higher rear fence and gate and a whole arsenal of guns. The owner says he especially bought an air rifle to "nip at pants seats" when he spots trouble from his alcove window.

I live at No. 121. Not much to complain of, though people seem to delight in breaking bottles along the sidewalks and sometimes take the trouble to go up to my front door and smash them there.

One of the apartment units at No. 122 is rented by a Library of Congress Legislative Reference Service employee, a man in his mid-twenties. He too thinks he has been lucky. About six months ago his car was one of three, parked in a row along the street, that had the air let out of their tires.

No. 123 is divided into two apartments. In the basement apartment live newlyweds who noticed a group of youths loitering around the next door railing one evening around 8 p.m. and, in their neighbor's behalf, suggested they stop leaning on the posts. The response was immediate. One of the youths grabbed the young bride's purse and the group then hi-tailed it around the corner. The husband pursued for several blocks, until he heard shot blasts, although he saw no gun. Later, he found they had discarded his wife's purse – untouched.

Upstairs at No. 123 live a group of Capitol Hill secretaries. One night in March, around 2 a.m. while the girls were still up, one of them spotted a Peeping Tom at the rear kitchen door. By the time the police arrived he had vanished. One of the secretaries had her car twice broken into during the six-month period, while it was parked in front of the house.

At No. 134, where there are four apartments, a girl in her late twenties who works for the Library of Congress was coming home from a Library concert on a Friday evening before the turn of the year. She was knocked to the ground by a boy she judged to be around 14, her glasses broken on the sidewalk with the impact, her purse with $50 and house keys snatched away. She said the youth ran to the end of the block where a friend was waiting for him in a get-away car.

At the end of the block, in a small apartment house, a man has a shop on the ground floor and lives upstairs, with his apartment entrance around the corner. In February, he found two of his car tires punctured. In early April, right after the Martin Luther King riots, he found a big crack in his store window. In mid-April, his baby's carriage was stolen from the apartment entrance alcove.

These are the "incidents" along the block itself, with the odd-numbered addresses accounting for far more. Perhaps this is because the even-numbered side is taken up in good part by the two formidable apartment buildings.

A grocery store, on the corner across the street, has had seven robberies in the seven years the proprietor has been there, most of them during the past three months. In the first of the recent robberies, a week before the Washington riots, the four youths involved had a gun and a get-away car. In the more recent one, there were three and they had a long knife to threaten the woman clerk. They got away by foot, and the police were able to catch two of the three about eight blocks away.

The Safeway, one-and-a-half blocks behind, was broken into and looted during the Washington riots in April and has been robbed twice since then. High's creamery, a block behind the surveyed block, stays open late at night and is robbed so often the clerks now rarely blink. Another grocery and cleaners, one-and-a-half blocks in an opposite direction, were broken into and looted during the April riots but have been quiet since.

Metropolitan Police Capt. E. J. Prete of the Ninth Precinct, which includes this particular Capitol Hill block, keeps a series of maps on his office wall with pins poked into various blocks for various types of crimes committed during the current and past month. For this particular block there were no pins at all, and only two pin pricks to indicate that some time in the past there were some reports. "Statistically speaking, I don't see where there is an area of danger," the captain declared during an interview. "We have lots of blocks in the precinct which are worse." Capt. R. S. Shuttleworth, who recently was transferred after almost eight-and-a-half years at No. 9, concurs with his successor, Capt. Prete: "There is probably less crime in that particular area than in the rest of the precinct and crime has not risen as fast in No. 9 as it has in some of the others." Capt. Shuttleworth says No. 9 has nine squad cars, two detective cruisers and a sergeant's and a lieutenant's car on constant patrol, as well as a foot patrolman with dog assigned to five- to six-block areas throughout the precinct. "What's more, we are aware of the congressman living on the block and give special coverage," he says.

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Books and the Arts

The Artist and Society

by William H. Gass

The tame bear's no better off than we are. You've seen how he sways in his cage. At first you might think him musical, but the staves are metal, and his movements are regular and even like the pulses of a pump. It's his nerves. Even when he claps his paws, rises like a man to his hind feet and full height, he looks awkward, feels strange, unsure (his private parts and underbelly are exposed); he trembles. Smiling (you remember the fawning eyeshine of the bear), he focuses his nose and waits for the marshmallow we're about to toss, alert to snap up the sweet cotton in his jaws. There's something terrible about the tame caged bear – all that wildness become marshmallow . . . terrible for his heart, his liver, his teeth (a diet so sugary and soft and unsubstantial, the bowels seek some new employment) . . . and terrible for us – for what we've lost. His eyes, too, are filled with a movement that's not in the things he sees, but in himself. It is the movement of his own despair, his ineffectual rage.

My subject is the artist and society, not the tamed, trained bear, but in many ways the subjects are the same. Artists are as different as men are. It would be wrong to romanticize about them. In our society indeed they may live in narrower and more frightening corners than most of us do. We should not imitate their ways; they're not exemplary, and set no worthy fashions. Nor does the artist bear truth dead and drooping in his arms like a lovelorn maiden or a plump goose. His mouth hasn't the proper shape for prophecies – pot or bottle – ends or words or other mouths (whole catalogues of kissing), creating and erasing funny faces, noisy singing, and excess of bugling, have spoiled it for philosophy. In the ancient quarrel between the poets and philosophers, Plato was surely right to think the poets liars. They lie quite roundly, unashamedly, with glee and gusto, since lies and fancies, figments and inventions, outrageous falsehoods, are frequently more real, more emotionally pure, more continuously satisfying to them than the truth, which is likely to wear a vest, fancy bucket-pudding, technicolor movies, and long snoozes through Sunday.

W. H. Auden remarked quite recently, when pestered, I think it was, about Vietnam:

> "Why writers should be canvassed for their opinion on controversial political issues I cannot imagine. Their views have no more authority than those of any reasonably well-educated citizen. Indeed, when read in bulk, the statements made by writers, including the greatest, would seem to indicate that literary talent and political common sense are rarely found together. . . ."

Israel makes war, and there are no symposia published by prizefighters, no pronouncements from hairdressers, not a ding from the bellhops, from the dentists not even a drill's buzz, from the cabbies nary a horn beep, and from the bankers only the muffled chink of money. Composers, sculptors, painters, architects: they have no rolled up magazines to megaphone themselves, and are, in consequence, ignored. But critics, poets, novelists, professors, journalists – those used to shooting off their mouths, they shoot (no danger, it's only their own mouth's wash they've wallowed their words in); and those used to print, they print; but neither wisdom nor good will nor magnanimity are the qualities which will win your way to the rostrum . . . just plentiful friends in pushy places and little verbal skill.

Auden's observations can be spread two ways: to include all artists, not writers merely, and to cover every topic not immediately related to their specialized and sometimes arcane talents. It's only the failed artist and his foolish public who would like to believe otherwise, for if they can honestly imagine that the purpose of art is to teach and to delight, to double the face of the world as though with a mirror, to penetrate those truths which nature is said to hold folded beneath her skirts and keeps modestly hidden from the eyes and paws of science, then they will be able to avoid art's actual impact altogether, and the artist's way of life can continue to seem outrageous. Bohemian, quaint, a little sinful, irresponsible, hip and charming, something to visit like the Breton peasants on a holiday, and not a challenge *to* and denial *of* their own manner of existence, an accusation concerning their own lack of reality.

Yet the social claims for art, and the interest normal people take in the lives of their artists, the examinations of the psychologists, the endless studies by endlessly energetic students of nearly everything, the theories of the philosophers, the deadly moral danger in which art is periodically presumed to place the young and all those nice persons in positions of power, unhappy married women, sacred institutions, tipsy souls and unsteady parliaments: these claims and interests are so regularly, so invariably, so perfectly and purely irrelevant that one must begin to suspect that the tighteyed, squeeze-eared, loinlacking enemies of art are right; that in spite of everything that's reasonable, in spite of all the evidence, for example, that connoisseurs of yellowing marble statuary and greenish Roman coins are no more moral than the rest of us; that artists are a murky-headed, scurvy-living lot; that if art told the truth, truth must be polkadot; in spite, in short, of insuperable philosophical obstacles (and what obstacles could be more insuperable than those), art does tell us, in its manner, how to live, and artists are quite remarkable, even exemplary,

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men. We are right to keep them caged.

Ronald Laing begins his extraordinary new book, *The Politics of Experience*, by saying:

> "Few books today are forgivable. Black on the canvas, silence on the screen, an empty white sheet of paper, are perhaps feasible. There is little conjunction of truth and social 'reality.' Around us are pseudo-events, to which we adjust with a false consciousness adapted to see these events as true and real, and even as beautiful. In the society of men the truth resides now less in what things are than in what they are not. Our social realities are so ugly if seen in the light of exiled truth, and beauty is almost no longer possible if it is not a lie."

You can measure the reality of an act, a man, an institution, custom, work of art, in many ways: by the constancy and quality of its effects, the depth of the response which it demands, the kinds and range of values it possesses, the actuality of its presence in space and time, the multiplicity and reliability of the sensations it provides, its particularity and uniqueness on the one hand, its abstract generality on the other – I have no desire to legislate concerning these conditions, insist on them all.

We can rob these men, these acts and objects, of their reality by refusing to acknowledge them. We pass them on the street but do not see or speak. We pretend we have no Negro problem. . . . If someone has the experience of such a problem, he is mistaken. What happened to him did not happen; what he felt, he did not feel; the urges he has are not the urges he has; what he wants he does not want. Number one, then: we deny. We nullify the consciousness of others. We make their experiences unreal.

If we don't deny, we mutilate, taking a part for the whole; or we rearrange things, exaggerating some, minimizing others. Or we invert values, and assume strange obligations, altogether neglecting the ones which are obvious and demanding: we rob the poor to give to the rich rich gifts, to kings their kingdoms, to congressmen bribes, to companies the inexpensive purchase of our lives. Teas are fun, we say, but necking's not nice. Imagine. We *do* say that. Or we permit events to occur for some people but not for others. Women and children have no sexual drives; men don't either, thank God, after fifty – sixty? seventy-five. We discredit events by inserting in otherwise accurate accounts outrageous lies. In short, we do what we can to destroy experience – our own and others. But since we can only act according to the way we see things, "*if our experience is destroyed, our behavior will be destructive.*" We live in ruins, in bombed out shells, in the basements of our buildings. In important ways, we are all mad. You don't believe it? This company, community, this state, our land is normal? Healthy, is it? Laing has observed that normal healthy men have killed perhaps one hundred million of their fellow normal healthy men in the last 50 years.

Nudists get used to nakedness. We get used to murder.

Why are works of art so socially important? Not for the messages they may contain, not because they expose slavery or cry hurrah for the worker, although such messages in their place and time might be important, but because they insist more than most on their own reality; because of the absolute way in which they exist. Certainly, images exist, shadows and reflections, fakes exist and hypocrites, there are counterfeits (quite real), and grand illusions – but it is simply not true that the copies are as real as their originals, that they meet all of the tests which I suggested earlier. Soybean steak, by God, is soybean steak, and a pious fraud is a fraud. Reality is not a matter of fact, it is an achievement; and it is rare – rarer, let me say, than an undefeated season. We live, most of us, amidst lies, deceits, and confusions. A work of art may not utter the truth, but it must be honest. It may champion a cause we deplore, but like Milton's Satan, it must in itself be noble; it must be *all there*. Works of art confront us in the way few people dare to: completely, openly, at once. They construct, they comprise, our experience; they do not deny or destroy it; and they shame us, we fall so short of the quality of their Being. We live in our homes, our regions, cities, towns. That's true. We take our breaths. We fornicate and feed. But Hamlet has his history in the heart, and none of us will ever be as real, as vital, as complex and living as he is – a total creature of the stage.

This is a difficult point to make if the reality or unreality of things has not been felt. Have you met a typical nonperson lately? Then say hello, now, to your neighbor. He may be male, but his facial expressions have been put on like lipstick and eyelashes. His greeting is inevitable; so is his interest in the weather. He always smiles; he speaks only in clichés; and his opinions (as bland as Cream o'Wheat, as undefined, and – when sugared – just as sweet) are drearily predictable. He has nothing but good to say of people; he collects his wisdom from the *Reader's Digest;* he likes to share his experiences with "folks," and recite the plots of movies. He is working up this saccharine soulside manner as part of his preparation for the ministry.

Nonpersons unperson persons. They kill. For them no one is human. Like cash registers, everyone's the same, should be addressed, approached, the same: all will go ding and their cash drawers slide out when you strike the right key.

So I don't think that it's the message of a work of art that gives it any lasting social value. On the contrary, insisting on this replaces the work with its interpretation, another way of robbing it of its reality. How would you like to be replaced by your medical dossier, your analyst's notes? They take much less space in the file. Your name is George, eh? Okay, George – just what do you signify? how much do you mean? what do you denote? Come on, George: express, express.

Why do public officials, like those in the Soviet Union, object so strenuously to an art which has no images in it – which is wholly abstract, and says nothing? Because originals are dangerous to reproductions. For the same reason that a group of cosmetically constructed, teetotal lady-maidens is made uneasy by the addition of a boozy uncorsetted madam. Because it is humiliating to be less interesting, less present, less moving, than an arrangement of enameled bedpans. Because in a system of social relationships based

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primarily on humbug, no real roaches must be permitted to wander. Because, though this may simply be my helpless optimism, your honest whore will outdraw, in the end, any sheaf you choose of dirty pictures.

Of course there are many objects labeled works of art, I know, which are fakes – the paint, for instance, toupeed to the canvas; but I am thinking of the artist, now, as one who produces the honest article, and obviously, *he* is valuable to society if what he *produces* is valuable to it. However, I wanted to say that despite the good reasons for wondering otherwise, the artist could be regarded as an exemplary man – one whose ways are worthy of imitation. How can this be? The fellow sleeps with his models and paint jams the zipper on his trousers.

I think we can regard him as exemplary in this way: we judge it likely that a man's character will show up somewhere in his work; that if he is hot-tempered and impetuous, or reckless and gay . . . well, find somebody else to be your surgeon. And we regularly expect to see the imprint of the person in the deed, the body in the bedclothes. I think it is not unreasonable to suppose, too, that the work a man does works on him, that the brush he holds has his hand for its canvas, that the movements a man makes move the man who makes them just as much, and that the kind of ideals, dreams, perceptions, wishes, his labor loves, must, in him, love at least that labor.

Often enough we lead split lives, the artist as often as anybody; yet it isn't Dylan Thomas or D. H. Lawrence, the drunkard or sadist, I'm suggesting we admire, but the poets, and the men they had to be to be such poets. It would have been better if they had been able to assume in the world the virtues they possessed when they faced the page. They were unable. It's hard. And for that the world is partly to blame. It does not *want* its artists, after all. It especially does not want the virtues which artists much employ in the act of their work lifted out of prose and plaster to life.

What are some of these virtues?

Honesty is one . . . the ability to see precisely what's been done . . . the ability to face up . . . because the artist wants his every line to be lovely – that's quite natural – he wants to think well of himself and cover himself with his own praise like the sundae with its syrup. We all know that artists are vain. But they're not vain while they're working. If a runty tailor dresses himself in his dreams, he may measure for himself the suit of a wrestler. You can fill yourself with air, but they don't make balloons with the toughness of genius.

Presence is one. The artist can not create when out of focus. His is not another theatrical performance. There's no one to impress, no audience. He's lived with his work, doubtless, longer than he's had a wife, and it knows all about him in the thorough, hardboiled way a wife knows. No poseur wrote "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." Presence is a state of concentration on another so complete it leaves you quite without defenses, altogether open; for walls face both ways, as do the bars of a cage. Inquire of the bears how it is. To erect bars is to be behind them. Withholding is not a requirement of poetry.

Unity is another. The artist does not create with something special called imagination which he has and you haven't. He can create with his body because that body has become a mind: he can create with his feelings because they've turned into sensations. He thinks in roughness, loudness, and in color. A painter's hands are magnified eyes. He is those fingers, and as many fingers close simply in a single fist, so all our faculties can close, and hold everything in one clasp, simply, yes, like the bud of a rose.

Awareness is another. Honesty, concentration, unity of being: these allow, in the artist, the world to be *seen* . . . an unimaginable thing to most of us . . . to fully take in a tree, a tower, a hill, a graceful arm. If you've ever had an artist's eyes fall on you, you'll know what I mean. Only through such openings may the world pass to existence.

Sensuality is another. Painting and poetry (to name just two) are sexual acts. The artist is a lover, and he must woo his medium till she opens to him; until the richness in her rises to the surface like a blush. Could we adore one another the way the poet adores his words or the painter his colors – what would be the astonishing result?

Totality is still another. I mean that the artist dare not fail to see the whole when he sees with the whole of him. He sees the ant in the jam, yet the jam remains sweet. He must fall evenly on all sides, like a cloak. If he stops to sing a single feeling, he can do so well because he knows how feelings move; he knows the fish is offset from its shadow; knows the peck of the crow

Hubert Humphrey Writes A Protest Poem

Robert Bly
& James Wright
speak of blight,
a nation awry,
day become night—
while children cry
for the light!

O, Wry & Blight,
because day turns night
you cry
that the body
be its own "light"—
and are neither bli-
the, nor right!

—William Smart

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does not disturb the beauty of its beak or the dent it makes in the carrion. There is, it seems to me, in the works of the great, an inner measure, wound to beat, a balance which extends through the limbs like bones, an accurate and profound assessment of the proportion and value of things.

One could compile, I do not doubt, another list. These are examples, although central ones. I could so easily be wrong that no one's going to pay me any mind, and so I shall suggest most irresponsibly that we and our world might use more virtues of this kind – the artist's kind – for they are bound to the possibility of Being itself; and occasionally it strikes me as even almost tragic that there should be artists who were able, from concrete, speech, or metal, to release a brilliant life, who nevertheless could not release themselves, either from their own cage, or from ours . . . there is no difference. After all, we are – artists and society – both swaying bears *and* rigid bars. Again, it may be that the *bars* are moving, and the bears, in terror, stricken, are standing behind them – no, in front of them – among them – quite, quite still.

New Jersey's Poor

by Robert Coles

We have been hearing a lot about bringing government back to the people. Washington is a tyrannical and corrupt city, say the conservatives, many of whom don't want the federal government to interfere with old, well-established and respectable tyrannies or corruptions. Federal agencies are ineffectual and self-defeating, say the "new" liberals, who worry that even the best-intentioned bureaucracies will eventually begin to break down under their own massive weight. Those of us in the latter group who want changes (the dreary expression is "basic structural changes") have been cautiously turning to state capitols and city halls, where we hope more "responsive" political institutions might in time develop. We have in mind states like New York or Washington or New Mexico, and governors like Rockefeller, Evans, and Cargo, all Republicans, interestingly enough. Or we have in mind mayors like New York's John Lindsay or Boston's Kevin White or Atlanta's Ivan Allen. But, of course, we worry, and have good reason. How will we ever clear the George Wallaces and Lester Maddoxes out of office – or outside of the South, the Reagans or Branigans or Rhodeses? And will our cities ever be free of mayors like Tate of Philadelphia and Daley of Chicago and Yorty of Los Angeles? They are all good men and true, all men of clout who nevertheless pray every week. But are they the kind of men to give advocates of "decentralization" faith that we can get more generous and flexible government from the leaders of our cities and towns?

Poverty and Mental Retardation: A Causal Relationship
by Rodger L. Hurley
State of New Jersey, Department of Institutions and Agencies

Nor at first glance would a thin pamphlet called *Poverty and Mental Retardation: A Causal Relationship* inspire great faith in the ability of a state like New Jersey to improve upon existing federal programs for the poor. For one thing, the cover of the pamphlet supplies enough information to indicate what anyone who has observed "local" governments already knows: they have also become cumbersome bureaucracies; and some of them are full of incompetents or worse. True, the pamphlet may have been written by one man, Rodger Hurley, but it has been published under typically intricate and pretentious auspices: "The State of New Jersey, Department of Institutions and Agencies, Division of Mental Retardation, Planning and Implementation Project," all of which presumably is located in the historic city of Trenton. And can it be that in April 1968, the issue of poverty has been given a "causal relationship" to a "factor" like "mental retardation" – by high officials of the state of New Jersey, which is safely north of the Mason-Dixon line and ruled by an avowed "liberal," an unquestioning defender of the "Great Society," Governor Richard Hughes?

Yet Mr. Hurley has done a fine job. By concentrating on what actually happens to the poor, deep inside their minds, he gives his statistics life and vividness. He also takes up in considerable detail the terrible matter of hunger and malnutrition – both of which exist among substantial numbers of American citizens. Children who from the start eat low protein diets and go without necessary vitamins or minerals are likely to die young, or grow stunted, and quite possibly become retarded, their minds "organically impaired" because brain cells, like all others, require more than starch and sugar and more starch and more sugar.

Needless to say we are far more likely to be interested in those rare diseases that cause mental retardation. The Kallikaks were penniless and criminal and slow-witted, and for a long while they and their genes dominated the way we thought about all the poor, all the law breakers. If a man cannot get ahead, there must be something "wrong" with him. His mind must be weak or inferior, his will or spirit in some respects flawed. Is it not a fact, an American fact, that strong, intelligent, godly men rise up; and that dull, uncertain men just plod along, content to serve, as well they should be?

Mr. Hurley, crypto-red that he is, doesn't quite see it that way. His book might unnerve even Barry Goldwater – but not at all bother the much tougher Ronald Reagan. In one chapter after another he documents what life is like for a child born in Newark's large and expanding ghetto, or in the southern, rural counties of New Jersey, where migrant farmers by the thousands pick food so that New Jersey can continue to be called the "Garden State." In return, those farmers often live in small, broken-down shacks, without clean, running water, and without the benefits of an adequate sewage system. Salaries are extremely low. Men and women are herded around like animals. Food is a matter of bread

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and potatoes and cola and plenty of fat, supplied by bosses and crew-leaders whose profits, you can be sure, are substantial. And doctors, who needs doctors? Doctors are for the lazy rich, the spoiled middle class. The poor are tough and self-effacing; besides, they don't know about and cannot afford doctors. So, they endure.

What do they endure? The answer would be, all sorts of things that conspire to make them and their children seem and indeed actually be virtually dumb. The title of this pamphlet emerges as ironic: at the bottom of the heap one falls in line, shuts out a number of ideas or feelings, and barely makes it from day to day. To the outside observer one appears cloudy, vague, listless, apathetic, hard-to-understand, at best sassy, at worst less than human. Yet, with months of conversation quite another picture may be obtained. A cleverly concealed or long-ignored kind of sensibility may surface, evidence that playing the fool requires intelligence. But often ghetto children or migrant children or children on Indian reservations have learned their lessons only too well. They are no longer playing the fool; they believe themselves to be fools. They feel hopeless about things. And they are sick, sick with everything from skin infections to diseases of the heart and lungs and central nervous system. They have wasted muscles, palsied nerves, bones that are fractured or improperly healed. They need glasses. They don't hear well. Their teeth hurt. Their gums bleed. And on and on it goes – while the rest of us find them "difficult" or "impossible" or finally, like a refuge of sorts, "retarded."

Mr. Hurley's pamphlet tells exactly how retarded they are, and how it has all happened. He is a brave and outspoken man. He is honest enough to turn on his own state, his fellow employees: "New Jersey's leadership in the area of aid to migrants is largely an illusion created by the existence of agencies, rather than of achievements. The Bureau of Migrant Labor Code, has been conspicuous for its inactivity."

Perhaps this pamphlet will work its way to Washington, D.C., where some of our high-minded congressmen have yet to understand what Mr. Hurley so carefully and bluntly documents. I particularly hope the sections on the effects of malnutrition are read by those in the federal government who recently objected to the CBS documentary "Hunger in America," a strong, unsparing, and in my experience, thoroughly honest film. But America is now in such a stalemate that I fear even CBS News, in possession of all the power that television commands, cannot help the hungry, sick people in Mr. Hurley's state of New Jersey, or in any of the other forty-nine states that make up the world's richest, mightiest nation.

Notes on Contributors

William Gass *is professor of philosophy at Purdue University. His article is based on a talk he gave at the university to a weekly session of "Issues and Coffee."* Robert Coles *is a contributing editor of this journal.* Ed Dowling *has written extensively on television and pop culture.*

America Buys Europe

by Alex Campbell

Imagine if you can the following archaic situation. After many years of effort the 50 sovereign American states have managed to achieve a customs union. But American-made goods crossing state lines still pay state taxes on "imports" and are subject to onerous regulations and irksome bureaucratic delays. Enter the fat capitalist cats of a Europe that enjoys political and economic unity. In no time, they dominate the American market, dictate American taste, and provoke raging anti-European sentiments in the breasts of humiliated Americans crying "Europeans, go home!"

The American Challenge
by J. J. Servan-Schreiber
(Atheneum; $6.95)

This, in reverse, is the picture of Europe in a book (by the editor and publisher of the French weekly news magazine *L'Express*) that caused considerable stir over there. One wonders why because, despite topical statistics, it's mostly old hat – Francis Williams in the Fifties was rending his garments over the American take-over of Britain, and, going back still further, at least as early as 1909 Anatole France was writing about the "Americanization" of Europe. Possibly the galloping-consumption quality of M. Servan-Schreiber's prose helped conceal the threadbareness of his theme. "While French, German and Italian firms are still groping around in the open spaces provided by the Treaty of Rome, afraid to emerge from the dilapidated shelter of their old habits, American industry has gauged the terrain and is rolling from Naples to Amsterdam with the ease and speed of Israeli tanks in the Sinai desert." Unfortunately he hits this pace only in spots and in much of the book the going is quite tedious; the penalty no doubt of ingesting prodigious quantities of research reports.

It seems that since 1958, American industry has invested $10 billion in Western Europe. The reason is, of course, that most European countries were achieving higher growth rates than this country, a point on which M. Servan-Schreiber is silent, presumably because he wants to project a picture of overwhelming American efficiency. The momentum of postwar investment has continued and accelerated; for instance between 1965 and 1966, US investments rose 17 percent at home but 40 percent in the Common Market. And, he excitedly observes, most of this has been financed by the Europeans themselves; "we pay them to buy us." But the Europeans who put up the dough weren't being foolish; the American companies' profits were 50 percent above the European level.

Which American companies are these? They are, it comes as no surprise to learn, the American giants. Three were responsible for 40 percent of the direct American investment in France, Germany and Britain. The

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reason this isn't surprising is that the giants get most of the federal government research and development money, which now runs at about $16 billion a year. When they add in about $5-billion of their own R&D money they just about have it made.

This then is the secret of the success of American industry abroad: "massive and sustained government aid" to private industry. Out of a total of $25-billion that this country spends on R&D, the federal government provides nearly two-thirds, of which almost three-quarters goes to private firms, with the lion's share going to the few giants. It's a pushover, because all the European countries put together can't spend anything like $25 billion on research and development, and European firms don't get fat government contracts the way giant American firms do. As an instance, the US electronics industry does 63 percent of its business in the form of government contracts, compared to 12 percent for the European industry.

The dumb thing about *The American Challenge* is that while M. Servan-Schreiber specifically pinpoints this sort of American state capitalism as the primary cause of what he calls "the most extraordinary technological break-through in the history of the world, all in the past ten years," nevertheless he somehow manages to depict it as a triumph of American private enterprise over European statism. It certainly isn't that – or that simple. Undoubtedly, the size and unity of the American market promotes firms' growth, whereas Europe's political fragmentation tends to stunt them (though Krupp and Skoda weren't exactly tiny). But what has recently given American firms a powerful overseas punch is the brass knuckles slipped into their gloves by the American government, and paid for out of your taxes and mine.

And even M. Servan-Schreiber admits they may have glass chins. It seems that American firms abroad, while heavily subsidized by the US government, are run by home offices that keep "tight control over every aspect." In other words, it's not just European firms that indulge in self-fulfilling prophecy, by assuming subordinates are incompetent, and not allowing them initiative for fear they might exercise it.

The Europeans may not be as dim as M. Servan-Schreiber seems to think, and the American giants he admires as well as fears might lose luster without their federal handout.

Coming

Richard Gilman

on

News from the Novel

TELEVISION

How to Survive the Schoolmarms

■ The black teacher (imperiously): "Now I am your teacher and I say that you are a Negro."

The four-year-old boy (passionately): "No, I'm Afro-American!"

The teacher goes on examining one child after another. "Are you a *boy*?"

"No, I'm a man; I'm black and I'm beautiful!"

"When do you want your freedom?"

"Now!"

"We can't give it to you this week. Can't you wait until next week?"

"No! I want my freedom now!"

"What is freedom?"

"Freedom is black power!"

"What's black power?"

"I don't know."

"Don't use words you don't understand."

Probably no one who witnessed the first program of a CBS series called *Of Black America* will ever be able to look at a black child without having that scene come to mind. A liberal accustomed to regarding black children with some of the fondness he feels for his own may, after seeing this broadcast, be uncomfortably aware that much more than the triumph of the political and economic policies he supports will be required for black children to be able one day to become autonomous men.

Anyone who has seen what happens to Negro children in public schools will not be disposed to doubt the need for the Spartan indoctrination practiced in the storefront freedom school seen on the July 2 broadcast, a school set up in Philadelphia by the black teacher, John Churchville, to prepare children for public schools. Along with the rudiments of the New Math the children are acquiring the fortitude they will need to withstand the brow-beating, the cajoling, the seductive flattery, all the ego-crushing manipulation they're bound to encounter later on at public school. They're warned that the schoolteachers are not going to like their independent attitudes, and that maybe their grades will suffer as a result. "But grades are not important," the teacher tells them; "what is important is to be an honest and truthful man or woman."

It is troubling to think what little infant delight, unselfconscious childhood, and easy *complaisance* these four-year-olds are renouncing. But it is far more painful to see what the public schools do to all future possibility of children who can be alienated from self and from blackness by dancing to the teacher's tune, or doomed to failure by mute resistance to her. Steeling his charges against the schoolmarm's straightening-irons, Churchville is proposing a covenant with time. It will be hard going for these children, and for many of the teachers they encounter, but in the end they could be the leaven for a generation that will not need such armoring.

The need for the indoctrination at this moment in history was made plain in the earlier part of the broadcast, a compilation of scene after scene of the degradation of the Negro by the mass media, the castration of the black man and the moronization of the black woman, in industrialized folklore from *Birth of a Nation* to Bert Wheeler to Aunt Jemima to Stepin Fetchit and on

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down to Amos 'n' Andy, a flood of images of the Negro emasculated by Hollywood which Americans past thirty had once accepted unquestioningly. To see clearly in front of one's adult eyes images implanted decades ago and still lurking far down in the medulla oblongata was jarring: each bug-eye, each stammer, each shuffle, a slap in the face. One began to get a glimpse of the depth and pervasiveness of one's own conditioned racism, as well as, of course, some notion of the destructive effects the stereotypes must have had on black people.

The program, called *Negro History: Lost, Strayed, or Stolen*, was the most powerful piece of TV journalism so far on the matter of race in America, and perhaps the best documentary in television's short history. The narrative, delivered by Bill Cosby with a presence that met James Baldwin's definition of Soul as sincerity of performance, was the best piece of writing I've encountered in a documentary; colloquial yet precise, it sustained a rare tone of indignation and chagrin muted into irony. Andrew Rooney and Perry Wolff, who collaborated on the script, successfully resisted the subject's temptations to sensationalize. The finely written and restrained narrative was almost superfluous, so forceful were the pictures.

No concern with words or pictures or reality was evident in the premiere of ABC's *A Time for Americans*, a series of six hour-long programs on race in America. In a shoddy, inept and cynical attempt to appear to be "doing something" toward bridging the gap between the races, the network put Lena Horne, Harry Belafonte, Dr. Alvin Poussaint and writer Larry Neill together in a studio to talk about "The Negro and the Mass Media," with a white newsman sitting in. Poussaint's and Neill's attempts at dialogue were, as one might have expected, frustrated by Belafonte and Miss Horne, who preferred to speak in monologic spurts. The show biz stars enunciated with an evangelical fervor articles of faith set down well before their conversion by the vanguard of the movement. Delighted to be in the trenches, Belafonte seemed eager to recite the entire litany. In his rush to reiterate all the points made in a *New York Times* article under his name, he seemed unable to make a coherent appraisal of any relation between the Negro and the mass media. One wondered what the silent white interlocutor was doing there – was he perhaps a token audience, to keep the entertainers from straying into any serious talk with Dr. Poussaint or Neill? – until Poussaint, slipping a word in, began to propose a black boycott of TV advertisers reluctant to integrate commercials and programs, whereupon the newsman spoke up and quickly got him off the subject. The only thing one learned from the program was that Miss Horne and Belafonte openly approve the aspirations of blacks. Yet as Dr. Poussaint had mentioned in the program, whites tend to consider Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte not as representative Negroes but as exceptions, an attitude surely not discounted by the producers. One hopes the rest of the series will be more enlightening.

CBS News seems to be awakening from the long stupor it had fallen into after the departure of Edward R. Murrow a decade ago. In Murrow's day CBS often took serious issues to the public; it is doing so again. Beyond the *Of Black America* series, which may do much to open up communications between the races, CBS is also venturing to report on issues that most news media have left in obscurity. For example, there is the question of the tax-exemption of church property, which the network examined in a June broadcast called *The Business of Religion*. In *Hunger in America*, a documentary on the severity and the extent of chronic malnutrition around the country, CBS pulled no punches, showed what babies dying of lack of protein look like, contrasted the wretchedness of tenant farmers in Loudon County, Virginia, with the horsey life of the landowners. Not undertaking a radical socio-economic critique, CBS stressed the inadequacy of any diet limited to the dried beans and lard and other staples of the Department of Agriculture's surplus distribution programs, and pointed out how much of the malnutrition in this country comes from over-reliance on such foods. The program suggested that the USDA programs and the several federal and state food-stamp programs be overhauled, and that some of them be shifted to the purview of HEW. This last suggestion has not been acted upon, but within a week of the broadcast legislation had been introduced to broaden the range of the federal food programs. CBS had occasion to broadcast *Hunger in America* a second time in June, after an intemperate protest from the Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Freeman, who felt the program was unfair to his department, asked the network for "equal time" to defend his position. He was denied it; the network stuck to its guns.

ED DOWLING

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Coalition in Vietnam

Sirs:

"Preparing the Way for Coalition" (June 22) shows surprising perception by its author, Mr. Tran Van Dinh, considering that it is written by a Vietnamese who has not been back to his homeland in almost five years. Actually, it is a highly misleading attempt to paint the so-called "Alliance for National Democratic and Peace Forces" as a widely representative and independent political group working for a coalition government in South Vietnam.

Unless Mr. Dinh can produce a better roster from his "long" list of names which he says cannot be revealed now, the "Alliance" membership he cites so far appears unimpressive and in fact is more revealing for what it does *not* include than for what it does. It includes no members of the National Assembly or any other elected body in the country. It contains no leaders, or even known members, of any of the established non-communist nationalist political parties. It has no journalists of any repute whatsoever from the country's large Vietnamese press corps. It contains no labor leaders. It includes no religious figures of any note at all except for the Buddhist monk

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Thich Don Hau, who may well have been captured by the Viet Cong at Hue during the Tet offensive and forced to participate in the "Alliance" (if, indeed, he actually is a participant). . . . The list is more notable for the hundreds and hundreds of lawyers, businessmen, professors, writers, student leaders, and doctors it does *not* name and who I doubt would look upon these individuals as speaking for them. His assertion that "Together with the NLF . . . [the alliance] can claim to represent the whole population" is absurd.

It is the question of the "Alliance's" independence, however, that carries more ominous implications. There is considerable reason to believe that the Alliance is a conscious creation and a creature of the communist-led National Liberation Front. It was first announced over the communist-run "Liberation Radio," then promptly and dutifully "welcomed" by Hanoi Radio and in North Vietnamese publications and finally by communist press and radio throughout Asia and Europe. (Indeed, communist media are the only real source of information on its existence so far.) In an interview published June 4, 1968 in the French Communist *L'Humanité*, General Vo Nguyen Giap spoke of the "Alliance" being founded "under the aegis of the NLF." The announced NLF and "Alliance" programs are quite similar, and the latter's rhetoric in broadcasts and announcements (over "Liberation Radio," of course) show striking – and sometimes chilling – resemblance to that of Hanoi and the NLF, to the point where one can readily visualize a good grey man in the Information Ministry in Hanoi grinding out its pronouncements, perhaps sharing office space with some of his colleagues who do similar drafting in the name of the Front.

I think Mr. Dinh should admit the possibility, at the very least, that the "Alliance" is a communist front organization, containing a few obscure but ostensibly "respectable" figures but designed solely to further communist political aims and a settlement on communist political terms.

Mrs. Oswald B. Lord
Vice Chairman, Citizens for Peace with Freedom in Vietnam

In reply . . .

To me, the people representative of the national interests of Vietnam are those who are working for independence (no foreign troops), unity (Vietnam: one country) and social justice (land to the peasants). The members of the Central Committee of the Alliance are known by the Vietnamese as having struggled for these national goals. If Mrs. Lord thinks that the Alliance is not representative because it "includes no members of the National Assembly or any other elected body in the country," I would like her to consider this statement from General Nguyen Cao Ky: "In most of the cases, the men who have been elected in South Vietnam are not the men that people want; they do not represent the people. The people voted for them because someone told them to vote. Our last elections were a loss of time and money, a mockery. They were useful to elect a regime which is wrong and corrupted and weak and would fall immediately with a revolution" (*Washington Post* April 7, 1968). There is no organized political party in South Vietnam; there are about 100 politicians, all of whom had cooperated with the colonial French. President Thieu himself recognized this weakness and recently tried to create a political organization to back his regime.

Venerable Thich Don Hau, who "has a strong following in Central Vietnam" (Robert Shaplen in *The New Yorker*) was not captured by the Viet Cong, as he has said recently to his followers abroad. In May 1968, the magazine GIO NOI (*Wind from Home*) devoted an entire issue to welcoming the Alliance. The GIO NOI is the official organ of the "Association of Buddhist Students in France." Again, in his letter from Saigon (*New Yorker* June 29, 1968) Mr. Shaplen referred to the initial communiqué of the Alliance in these terms: "Significantly, the communiqué made only one mention of the NLF to which the Alliance conveyed sincere greetings of solidarity," and which it described, almost patronizingly "as a patriotic force that has made worthy contributions to the cause of national liberation." Under the headline: "VC leader silent on Alliance's role," the *Washington Post* of July 12 carried the story of a press conference in Paris at which Mr. Le Quang Chanh, a member of the Central Committee of the NLF was quoted as having said: "After the liberation, the Front and the Alliance will have joint consultations to settle these questions [coalition government]." At the same press conference, Mr. Tran Cong Tuong, Vice President of the North Vietnam Supreme Court, declined to predict the role the Alliance could play, saying that "it is a question for the future."

The importance of the Alliance can be judged by the reaction of the Saigon military junta. All its known members were tried by a military court (not civil court), condemned to death and their properties (valued at millions) confiscated. Students are being arrested for having participated in the Alliance. The editor of the official organ of the Student Union, *Sinh Vien* (Student), which openly supported the Alliance has been arrested. High ranking ARVN officers have joined the Alliance. For example: Colonel Huynh Van Khuong, a former graduate of the US Staff and Command College (Leavenworth) who, before the Tet offensive, was chief of Logistics and Transports at the I Corps General Staff. I have read all issues of the *Nhan Dan* the official paper of the North Vietnam Lao Dong Party. Nowhere is the Alliance described as "founded under the aegis of the NLF."

If Mrs. Lord believes that any organization in South Vietnam which opposes the Saigon regime and the US is communist or communist-created, I am afraid that she gives too much credit to communism and ignores the importance of Vietnamese nationalism. After all, well-known anti-communist politicians, such as Tran Van Tuyen (former Deputy Premier) and Dr. Phan Quang Dan have urged the recognition of the NLF as a "political reality."

I do not find my article misleading. But I find the name of Mrs. Lord's organization very misleading. How can Peace and Freedom be restored to the Vietnamese people when a large segment of the population of South Vietnam is denied a voice, when the US is still maintaining over half a million soldiers in the territory of South Vietnam and is bombing the main area of North Vietnam?

TRAN VAN DINH

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The eruptions in Detroit, Newark and Watts have taught them a lot about riot control. And after this summer's experience even more sophisticated methods will be developed. It will cost millions to protect your property and save your hide, and millions more will be spent for new welfare programs. We're all for these welfare programs and more of them. They'll buy time and ease misery, and then we'll go through it all again next summer.

There is a better, more lasting way. It's called self-help, and nobody knows better than we that it works.
Community Development Foundation (CDF) is our name.
CDF is a non-profit peace corps formed in 1959. Our purpose is to get people to start helping themselves. It's working overseas. It's working on Indian reservations and in the Southern Appalachian Mountains. Now, with your help, we're ready to move into the American urban ghettos.

CDF supplies technical advice and small, interest-free loans. We'll train neighborhood volunteers in the techniques that are succeeding in Latin America, the Far East and Appalachia. Then, the people themselves will decide what their community needs the most, and they'll supply the sweat, muscle, and time to do it.

Employable mothers may elect to form cooperative day nurseries. Teen-agers may build recreation centers. Men may request interest-free loans to start bold and imaginative programs that will increase their incomes and raise their self-respect.

Once people start helping themselves, there's no stopping them. But to get started we need your help. Please send anything you can afford for "seed money." This summer, maybe we can spare one community from violence, burning and looting. It could be your town. Please act now. Time is running out.

All contributions are tax deductible. Make checks payable to Community Development Foundation, 345 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017.

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